

# The Pensacola Journal

Daily. Weekly. Sunday.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING EXCEPT MONDAY.

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PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1905

## WHERE IT IS TO BE FOUND.

The Pensacola Journal is on sale at the following places in the city:

- Bay Hotel.
- Coe's Book Store.
- Depot News Stand.
- Gem Book Store.
- Lewis House.
- Merchants Hotel.
- Southern Hotel.
- Thompson's Book Store.
- Wagon Ice Cream Parlor.
- Waggenheim's News Stand.
- Walker's Book Store.

## GOING AWAY?

When you leave the city for your summer vacation have The Pensacola Journal follow you. Notify circulation manager, Phone 38.

## Three Yellow Fever Cases in Pensacola.

True to its promise made when yellow fever was first discovered in New Orleans, The Journal this morning keeps faith with the public by making immediate announcement of the discovery of the disease in this city.

As shown by Dr. J. Y. Porter, state health officer, in his statement published elsewhere in The Journal today, three cases of what are presumed to be yellow fever have been discovered, and prompt action has been taken to isolate the cases and control the disease. The conditions as they exist are fully described in The Journal's news columns.

There is no cause for a panic or for alarm of any kind. It is to be regretted of course that the fever has made its appearance here, but now that we are confronted by that condition it becomes the duty of good citizens to retain their self-control and to lend all assistance possible for the purpose of preventing any spread of the disease.

The city is now in an exceptionally healthful condition—better in fact, from a sanitary standpoint, than it has ever been before. There is, therefore, little prospect of the fever spreading.

All precautions, however, should be employed to keep residence premises clean and to follow implicitly the directions of the health officials in charge.

The Journal will keep the public posted as to the actual conditions from day to day.

## Is There Such a Thing as Christian Citizenship?

In its issue for September 2 Collier's publishes an inquiry into "Christian Citizenship" by an author who, the editor tells us, is "A great creative artist whose reasons for anonymity seem sufficient to us as to himself." This great creative artist asks: "Is there such a thing as Christian Citizenship? No," he says, "but it could be created." In part he says:

If Christians should vote their duty to God at the polls, they would carry every election, and do it with ease. They would elect every clean candidate in the United States, and defeat every sordid one. Their prodigious power would be quickly realized and recognized, and afterward there would be no unclean candidates upon any ticket, and graft would cease. No church organization can be found in the country that would elect men of foul character to be its shepherd, its treasurer, and superintendent of its Sunday school. It would be revolted at the idea; it would consider such an election an insult to God. Yet every Christian congregation in the country elects foul men to public office, while quite aware that this also is an open and deliberate insult to God, who can not approve and does not approve the placing of the liberties and the well-being of His children in the hands of infamous men. It is the Christian congregations that are responsible for the filling of our public offices with criminals, for the reason that they could prevent it if they chose to do it. They could prevent it without organizing a league, without framing a platform, without making any speeches or passing any resolutions—in a word, without con-

It was on trial in Philadelphia, and failed; in Rhode Island, and failed; in Delaware, and failed; in every town and county and state, and was recreant to its trust, it has effectively busied itself with the small matters of charity and benevolence, and has looked on, indifferent while its country was sinking lower and lower in repute and drifting further and further toward moral destruction. It is the one force that can save, and it sits with folded hands. In Greater New York it will presently have an opportunity to elect or defeat some straight, clean, honest man, of the sterling Jerome stamp, and some of the Tammany kind. The Christian vote—and the Christian vote alone—will decide the contest. It and it alone, is master of the situation, and lord of the result.

WHEN ROOSEVELT IS CHIVALRIC.  
Montgomery Journal.

It must be confessed that President Roosevelt at times does some wonderfully clever things. That, is when the southern side of his nature is dominant. But when the northern side takes possession of him he is, perhaps, the most dangerous president this country ever had. Just now he commands our attention and respect for appointing Mrs. W. Y. Anderson, the wife of the late lamented governor of Georgia, postmistress at Newnan. Immediately after the death of her husband, Mrs. Atkinson, left alone and dependent, did not despair, but took up the work of an insurance agent, and, according to newspaper accounts, did exceedingly well in this new field of endeavor for women. The Georgia press was exceedingly kind to her, and gave her much free advertising in the effort to encourage and to help her in her struggles to earn a living. Probably, when the novelty wore off, Mrs. Atkinson did not do so well in her new field of endeavor, and her friends made application to the president for a position for her, with the result that the president, under the impulse of the southern and chivalric side of his nature, yielded to the request of her friends and gave her the position. The American Times-Recorder, which is edited by another brilliant Georgia woman, in commenting on the appointment, says: "There is no more capable woman in the south than the wife of Georgia's lamented governor." The Times-Recorder then returns thanks to the president for the appointment. The Journal joins the Times-Recorder in expression of thanks to the president.

If the Journal's memory serves it right, President Roosevelt recently appointed the wife of the late Thomas Seay, former governor of this state, postmistress at her home town, Greensboro, to succeed the father of Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, who died while in the office, leaving a vacancy to be filled by the president. It is such acts as these that show occasionally the president allows the southern part of his nature to control, and which have a tendency to warm the southern people to him, believing him honest, but often badly mistaken in judgment and wanting in discretion, and lacking in the backbone to carry his rather exalted ideas into practice and force them upon his party.

## AD. SENSE.

"A gift long waited for is sold—not given." Read the store-ads—then go and buy that gift you have so long postponed.

Yes, some people "get along" without reading the ads. But so do some people "get along" without reading anything at all.

A woman who buys the household things without being guided by the store-ads is as unwise as the pirate who would steal ship without compass or compass—just from "memory" and experience.

As a railroad time-table is a good thing to read before you start for the depot, so is a store-ad a good thing to read before you go to the store. In either case you save time.

You need no other reason than pure self-interest for patronizing only merchants who advertise.

## A DEAD SUPERSTITION.

(Mobile Herald.)

In the old days, yellow fever was a mysterious terror. Its mere name throughout all the infected districts caused man's very soul to shudder.

It was spoken only in low whispers, as though sound itself might attract the dreadful death.

It was that most helpless of all terrors—terror of the unknown.

What reason failed to grasp imagination supplied, and imagination inflamed by deadly fear creates terrors of which demons never dreamed.

A yellow terror in the old days seared asunder all but the very strongest ties of affection and kinship.

The dying were forsaken to die alone, and the dead deserted.

Human nature was, as it were, cast into a fiery crucible and resolved into its fundamental brutal elements. Beasts could not be more beastly in their cowardice than human beings were in the old yellow fever days.

It was, literally, "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," even though the hindmost be stricken wife or child.

There were marvelous instances of sacrifice and heroism, but they were exceptional. They only emphasized the fact that superstition makes cowards and fools of nearly all of us.

The dead, deserted by their friends and kindred, were by public employees thrown into rude boxes or wrapped in sheets and carried off to burial at dead of night. There were no mourners following to the grave; no prayers; the graveyard was a place of horror and the roads to it were accursed.

Such was the force of old-time superstition.

Such was the weakness, the cowardice, the degradation of human nature. Today we know that yellow fever is not contagious, not even infectious, but comes through mosquitoes. The stricken and the dead may be attended with absolute immunity from the disease.

The terror which men have blindly deserted their fortunes and their families to escape may be shut out by a little netting.

Upon such little things do the destinies of humanity hang.

The terror of the old day fed itself—by fear the epidemic was immeasurably increased. Desertion of the stricken and the dead left them prey to mosquitoes that imbibed from them the poison and spread it among thousands.

What a forcible illustration of the world-old truth that all the plagues, the disasters, the afflictions, the sorrows of mankind are due to man's ignorance and superstitious fears.

## SPIRIT OF THE PIANO.

More Adapted to the Parlor Than to the Concert Hall.

The fact that the piano is descended from the spinet and the harpsichord is still a stumbling block to amateurs of music. The fact that in tone and resonance it has lately been enormously developed is also a stumbling block to those who write for it. The first class have entirely neglected the harpsichord, a perfect and fully evolved instrument, the spirit of which is altogether different from that of the piano. The second class have been tempted by the dynamics of the piano to treat it too much like an orchestra and to forget that it is not only a solo instrument, but really a chamber instrument.

Its utterance, which Chopin understood so well, is really chamber music, and there is always something lamentable to me in the contemplation of a great artist distressing himself and his instrument in the attempt to fill a large concert room with exaggerated expressions of a delicate and intimate temperament. The effect is never entirely satisfactory, however great the artist may be, for that note of intimacy which is surely the very essence and spirit of the piano cannot possibly be maintained in the presence of a large and miscellaneous audience.

When we consider among all our impressions of pianoforte music the moments that have given us memorable pleasure, we find that they took place in intimate assemblies where some one played and some one sang and where the atmosphere thrilled with just that amount of electric disturbance which we call sympathy, which is born with the meeting of friends and dies when they disperse.—National Review.

## THE DEEP SEA DIVER.

His Calling About the Most Grievous of All Occupations.

Beyond all question, the calling of a deep sea diver employed in examining and clearing away sunken wrecks is the most grievous. Putting aside the fact that his life is in constant danger from the results of submarine enemies or accident to his diving dress and apparatus, the sights that he is called upon to see, and to see, moreover, amid the most horrible surroundings, exceed in ghastliness even those which the hospital or the army surgeon is called upon to confront. Nowhere else on land or sea are so many accumulated horrors to be found as in the hull of a ship which has sunk with crew and passengers.

The hideous condition in which the diver finds the victims of the wreck, some half devoured by fish, some standing upright and floating to and fro with a ghastly parody of living motion, some still locked together as though yet in the last agony of the death struggle, and some floating about the interior of a ship and knocking and rubbing up against him with a hideous lifelessness that is utterly indescribable. These are some of the horrible sights which deep sea divers have to work amid when they are employed on sunken wrecks. When to all these are added the awful gloom and silence amid which the work has to be performed, there will not seem to be much doubt that of all modern callings that of the deep sea diver is the most grievous.

## Washing in Naples.

Washing in Naples is done in any old tub, barrel or dish and generally outside of the house, and by the amount of water used one would judge it to be scarce. Instead of a board a brick stone is used, supported by one stick underneath and the edge of the tub. Water is cold, and the clothes are hung out to dry in every conceivable place. I saw some towels hung out of a window in the palace. No clothespins are used. When one can afford it rings are strung on to the line; otherwise strings are tied to strings, to which a double piece of short string is tied; one corner of the article to be dried is slipped into this and never becomes loose.—Chicago Tribune.

## Pleasant Relief.

Mrs. Spenders—George, I've got lots of things I want to talk to you about. Mr. Spenders—Glad to hear it, my dear. Usually you want to talk to me about lots of things you haven't got, but must have.—Philadelphia Press.

## The Better Part.

It is much more comfortable, both to yourself and the rest of the world, to be a pleasant ass than to be an unpleasant bear.—Florence (Ga.) Times.

## THOSE MYSTIC BLUE EYES.

She sold me a book and I do not know why; She sold me a book I had sworn not to buy; I declared up and down I would not even look. But I broke my resolve and she sold me the book.

What it was I don't know, and if ever I did I've forgotten. I know that somewhere it is hid On some dusty high shelf, piled with rubbish and stuff. And she sold it to me volens volens—enough.

She was such a sweet lass—so unwitting and shy With a wealth of dark hair and a fetching blue eye, And I frowned upon her with a threatening look. But she paid me no heed—only took out her book.

So she sold me and sold me her book—It is well. But here, all alone, for my life I can't tell If it was her sad story I could not resist Or her eyes that shone wet like two stars through a mist.—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

# SPECIAL REDUCTION ON PIANOS!

We are overstocked. A very large line of LESTER, CLUTTER and CASSELL

Pianos on which we will make a reduction of \$25 to \$75 for August sales.

Very Special CASSELL PIANOS, \$275. Regular price, \$325. Terms, \$10 Cash, \$6 per month. Bring the \$10 with you. Stool, Scarf, Music and two years' free tuning. The Best Piano ever offered for the money.

## Clutter Music House,

112 and 114 South Palafox Street, Pensacola, Fla.

## A Curious Fruit.

A writer in the National Geographic Magazine tells of a tree growing in the Malay archipelago, the Andaman Islands and Ceylon, which produces a fruit used in fishing, with results of a remarkable character. The fruit is pounded up into paste and left in bags overnight, after which it is sunk at low tide in deep holes along the reefs. The fish soon begin to appear at the surface, some of them lifeless, others attempting to swim or faintly struggling, with their ventral side uppermost. In this condition the natives have no difficulty in picking them out of the water with their hands.

## The Short Eared Owl.

The natives of Alaska say that the short eared owl, which is rather stupid and has a peculiarly shaped head, was originally a little girl. For some reason she was turned into a bird with a very long bill, much like a curlew's. Finding herself thus transformed, she started up in a wild, confused way and flew plump against the side of a house, compressing her bill and flattening her face.

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III. Agriculture—Four-year and two-year courses.

IV. Engineering—Four-year course in Mechanical, Civil and Electrical Engineering, also a two-year course in Mechanics. No Latin or Greek is required in III. or IV. The full course under II, III, and IV, lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science; the short courses to a Certificate of Proficiency.

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And all points on St. Andrews Bay, Carrabelle and Apalachicola.

SCHEDULE

Leave Pensacola Sunday, 8:30 p. m., for Mobile, Ala.

Leave Pensacola, Tuesday, 8:30 p. m., for St. Andrews, Millville, Apalachicola, Carrabelle and intermediate points.

For additional information apply to:

J. R. SAUNDERS, President.

E. R. COBB, Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt.

Pensacola, Fla.

# To the Public!

I exceedingly regret the announcement of yellow fever in our town. I hope it is not so. But if this is the case, we all know the remedy which is doing sure work, and all know the right place to get it.

Don't get excited; one to two bottles of BOSSO'S medicine is guaranteed to cure or prevent any case.

## NICK'S RESTAURANT

is the depot for BOSSO'S.

## C. APOSTLE.